

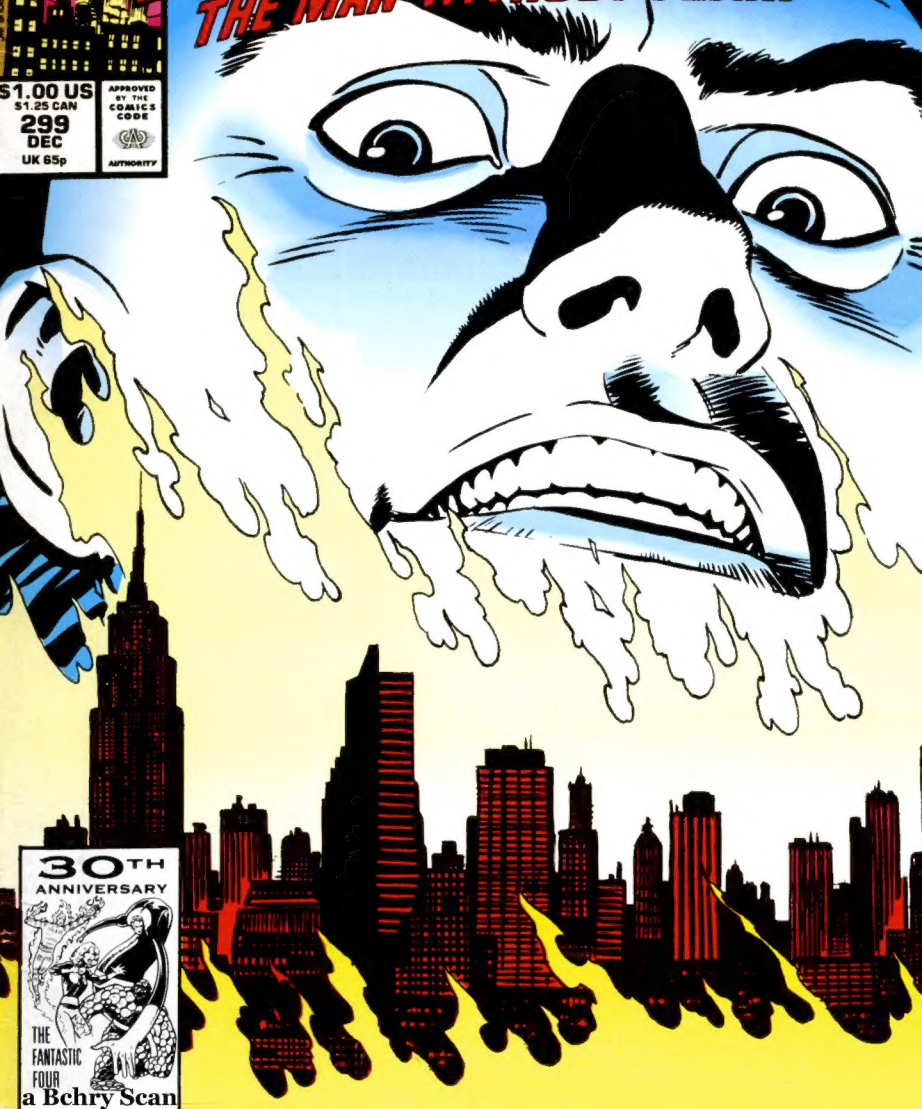


LAST RITES
Part III of IV

DAREDEVIL

THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!

\$1.00 US
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299
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30TH
ANNIVERSARY

THE
FANTASTIC
FOUR
a Behry Scan

A CHILDHOOD ACCIDENT STOLE HIS SIGHT, BUT, INCREDIBLY, IT ENDOWED YOUNG MATT MURDOCK WITH RADAR VISION AND HEIGHTENED SENSES. ARMED ONLY WITH HIS ATHLETIC PROWESS, BILLY CLUB, AND INDOMITABLE COURAGE, MATT BATTLES INJUSTICE AS A CRIMSON-CLAD GLADIATOR!

Stan Lee
Presents:

DAREDEVIL, THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!

LOOK AT THAT SHOT! CAN YOU BELIEVE THAT SHOT? YOU SEE THAT SHOT??

WHAT AM I, PETEY-- BLIND? HOW 'M I NOT SEENIN'?

THE UP-AND-COMING WISEGUYS OF THE EXPENSIVE SUITS AND COCK-OF-THE-WALK ATTITUDES THINK THEY'RE SPENDING QUALITY TIME WITH A MEMBER OF THE FAMILY...



"THE SEMI-LEGENDARY SALVATORE 'SIDE POCKETS' BUCHETTO, BLOWN IN RECENTLY FROM THE WINDY CITY."

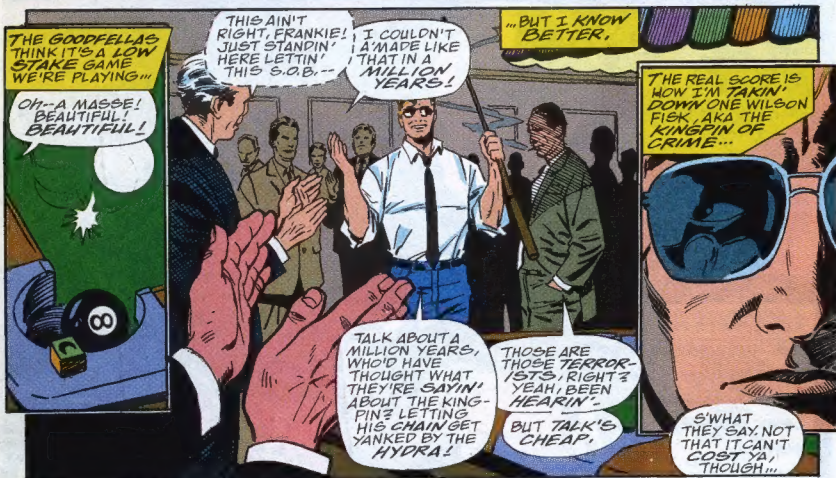
QUIET WITH THE MOUTH--HE'S MAKIN' HIS SHOT!

LISTEN TA FRANKIE--MAKIN' SENSE FOR ONCE! WHAT'RE WE CHEERIN' ON THIS CLOWN TAKIN' OUR MONEY?

ZIP IT, VINCE! AIN'T YOU NEVER SEEN AN ARTIST AT WORK?

I SAY QUIET ALL A YOU!

LOOK AT THIS! LOOK AT THIS?



THE GOODFELLAS THINK IT'S A LOW STAKE GAME WE'RE PLAYING!!!

OH--A MASOE! BEAUTIFUL BEAUTIFUL!

THIS AIN'T RIGHT, FRANKIE! JUST STANPIN' HERE LETTIN' THIS S.O.B.--

I COULDN'T A'MADE LIKE THAT IN A MILLION YEARS!

BUT I KNOW BETTER.

THE REAL SCORE IS HOW I'M TAKIN' DOWN ONE WILSON FIER, AKA THE KINGPIN OF CRIME...

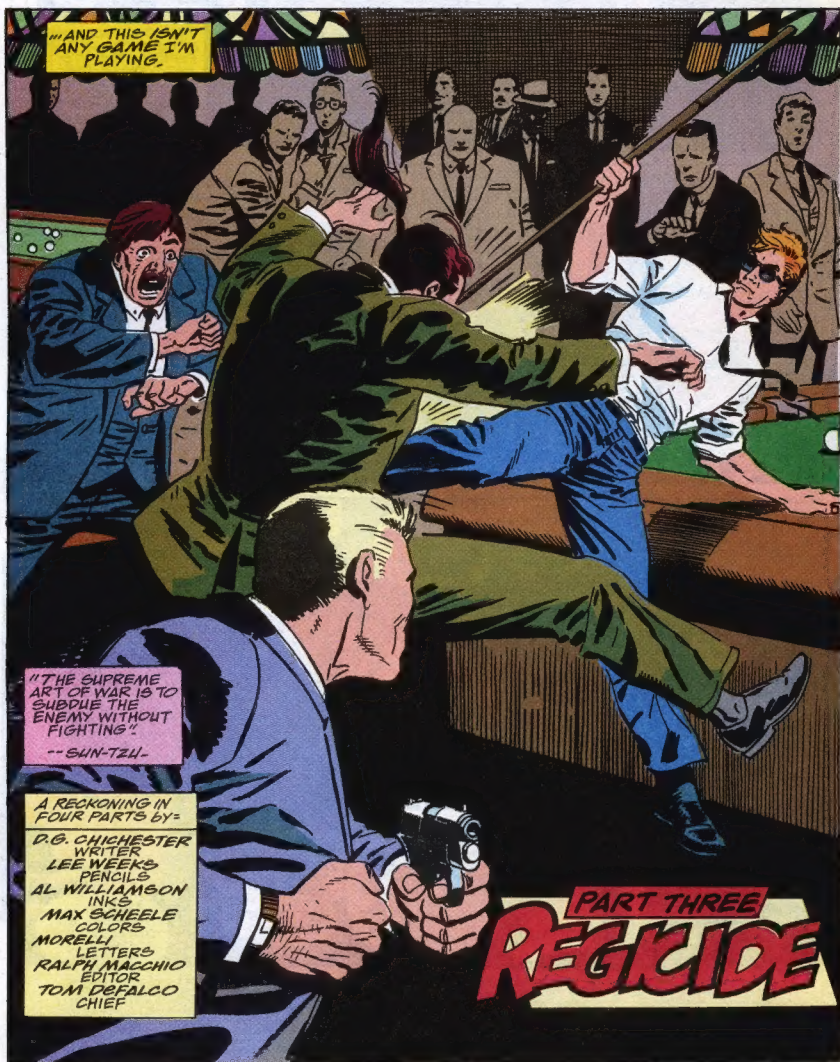
TALK ABOUT A MILLION YEARS, WHO'D HAVE THOUGHT WHAT THEY'RE SAYIN' ABOUT THE KINGPIN? LETTIN' HIS CHAIN GET YANKED BY THE HYDRA!

THOSE ARE THOSE TERRORISTS, RIGHT? YEAH, BEEN HEARIN'--

BUT TALK'S CHEAP.

S'WHAT THEY SAY, NOT THAT IT CAN'T COST YA, THOUGH...

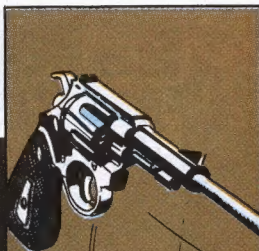
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TRY KICKIN' THIS, SMART --HUH?

WHAT KINDA WAY IS THIS TO PLAY THE GAME?

BACKSTABBERS LIKE VINCENZO AND HIS PAISAN FRANKIE ARE OUT OF THEIR ELEMENT AGAINST A 360 DEGREE RADAR SENSE.



HERE'S A TIP--

A WHIFF OF OILED GUNMETAL, CALLOUSED SKIN RASPING ON A TEXTURED RUBBER GRIP TELLS ME WHAT ELEMENT FRANKIE-STEIN IS COMFORTABLE IN--

"PUT A LITTLE ENGLISH ON IT."

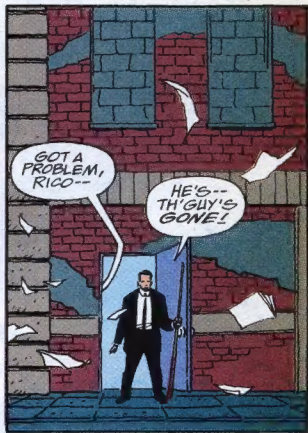
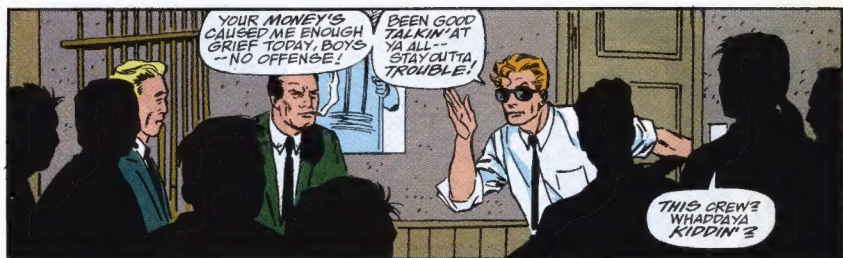
I CHANGE THE ODDS...

"...IN MY FAVOR, NATURALLY."

SCRATCH.

SIDE POCKET, DON'T JUDGE US ALL ON ACCOUNT A' SOME HOT-HEADS!

YEAH--GIVE US A CHANCE TA WIN BACK OUR MONEY!





LOOKS LIKE WE GOT OTHER WORRIES-- WHAT'S WITH THE FLASHERS?

NOTHIN'. JUST SOME BULL HASSLIN' A DRUNK.



WHAT, HE DON'T MAKE ENOUGH WHAT WE PAY 'IM OFF, HE'S GOTTA PRETEND HE WORKS FOR A LIVIN'?

YEAH, RIGHT?

C'MON, WHO WANTS TA PLAY FOR TH' STICK?



3 FLOW'S DO MY NOSE A FAVOR AN' LAY OFF OF THE CHEAP STUFF, PAL!

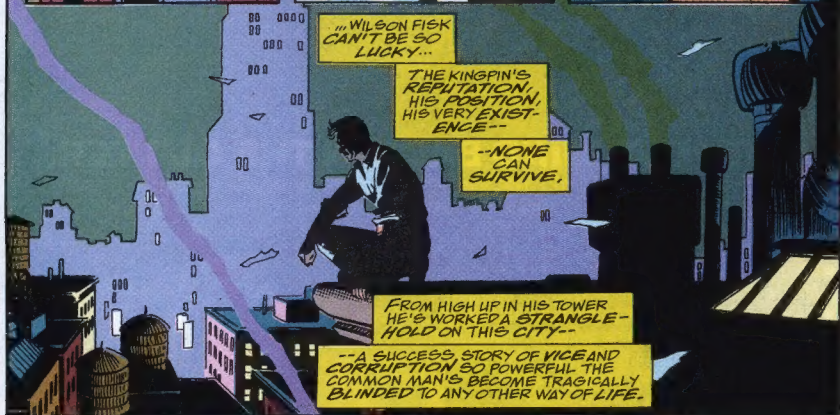
NERVE PRESSURE APPLIED TO BRING ON UNCONSCIOUSNESS SET THE STAGE FOR SPOCKET'S "COOPERATION"....



... WHILE LIBERAL USE OF A PINT OF BLACKBERRY BRANDY BROUGHT THE CURTAIN DOWN ON THE VISITING HUSTLER FROM CHICAGO...

AT LEAST YOU HAD THE SENSE TO PULL OVER...

BUCHETTO'S TENUOUS AT BEST REPUTATION WILL SURVIVE ANY REPERCUSSIONS OF MY MASQUERADE...



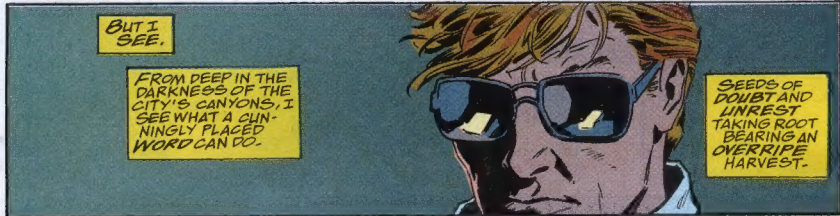
... WILSON FISK CAN'T BE SO LUCKY...

THE KINGPIN'S REPUTATION, HIS POSITION, HIS VERY EXISTENCE--

--NONE CAN SURVIVE.

FROM HIGH UP IN HIS TOWER HE'S WORKED A STRANGLE-HOLD ON THIS CITY--

--A SUCCESS STORY OF VICE AND CORRUPTION SO POWERFUL THE COMMON MAN'S BECOME TRAGICALLY BLINDED TO ANY OTHER WAY OF LIFE.



BUT I SEE.

FROM DEEP IN THE DARKNESS OF THE CITY'S CANYONS, I SEE WHAT A CUNNINGLY PLACED WORD CAN DO.

SEEDS OF DOUBT AND UNREST TAKING ROOT BEARING AN OVERRIPPE HARVEST.

WAVES OF ADRENALINE SOAKED SWEAT, APPREHENSIVE WITH WORRY AND EXCITEMENT OVER A DECEPTIVELY SIMPLE MIND GAME OF "WHAT IF..."

NOT FOR NOTHIN' BUT JUST SAY THE FAT MAN WAS HYDRA'S BOY--IF THEY CAN MUSCLE HIM--WHO ELSE COULD?

"WHO" BEING YOU, RICO? REMEMBER WHO YOU WORK FOR, AN' YOU WATCH THAT KINDA MOUTH--

MURMURS OF IDLE CHATTER SUDDENLY NOT SO IDLE, VOICES CRACKING WITH DREAD AND POTENTIAL...

ALL I'M SAYIN' IS, IF YOU AIN'T TH' ONE BEHIND THE CUE, GET OUT OF THE GAME. WHAT'S WHAT WITH BIG WILLIE AN' HYDRA--LET'S SAY IT'S JUST TALK!

IT IS JUST TALK, ISN'T IT?

KLIK

KLAT

WORDS REBOUND--ING CHIPPING AWAY AT A TOWER'S FOUNDATION.

ACTION.

AND CONSEQUENCE.

"I'M TIRED OF DALLAS..."

"TIRED OF THIS ENTIRE CHARADE!"

YOUR "COLONEL STRANG" HAS SERVED HYDRA WELL, LT. GAROTTE!

OUR PRIMARY GOAL IN REGARDS TO THIS "KINGPIN" STANDS ACHIEVED, AND MOLARE MAY STILL SALVAGE FICK'S BROADCASTING ENTERPRISE TO OUR ADVANTAGE.

MOLARE HAS MISSED THREE RADIO CHECKS, AND IS ALMOST CERTAINLY DEAD.

OUR ENDEAVORS DEPEND ON A COVERT NATURE FOR SUCCESS, AND THAT IS JEOPARDIZED AS WHAT MUST BE FICK'S OWN PEOPLE SPREAD WORD OF OUR INVOLVEMENT.

WITH ALL DUE RESPECT, BARON VON STRUCKER, I ASK YOU TO RE-EVALUATE MY CAMPAIGN PLANS FOR NEW YORK.

THEY ARE APPEALINGLY RUTHLESS. I WILL CONSIDER THEM GAROTTE... ALONG WITH YOUR IMPUDENCE. HAIL HYDRA!

↑ THIS END UP



LOWER MANHATTAN,
AFTER HOURS...

WALL STREET TRADERS'
SHOUTS FADE; THE MASS
TRANSIT SYMPHONY
PLAYS ITS LAST NOTE OF
THE DAY, BUT ONE
UNIQUELY NEW YORK
SOUND KEEPS THE
VOLUME TURNED UP.

"CUTA DEAL? WHAT PLANET?!"

THE GRATING VOICE
OF MANHATTAN DISTRICT
FEDERAL PROSECUTOR,
KATHY MALPER--

CHARLEY, YOU TELL
HIM HIS CLIENT'S
SO DIRTY HE'D
BETTER BE
LYSOL-ED BE-
FORE COURT!

HE'S GUILTY,
AND HE'LL DO
TIME--HOW'S
THAT FOR A
DEAL?!

--ALIAS "THE DRAGON LADY"
FOR HER VIGOROUS PROS-
ECUTION OF ASIAN CRIME
LORDS OPERATING IN THIS
COUNTRY--

THERE'S--MS.
MALPER--WAITING
--SOMEONE IN
YOUR OFFICE--

"WAITING,
SOMEONE.
OFFICE?" YOU
BEEN EATING
RIGHT, JILL?

--NOT TO
MENTION THE
SCORCHING
TREATMENT
OF ANYONE
GETTING IN
THE WAY OF
HER DOING
HER JOB.

I DON'T HAVE TIME
FOR ANYONE NOW--
I THOUGHT YOU GUYS
WERE THROWING ME
A BIRTHDAY PARTY?

WHAT DO I HAVE TO DO,
SCHEDULE IT MYSELF??
WHERE'S THE CAKE,
THE BALLOONS, THE
CLOWN... WELL, WE'VE
GOT CHARLEY, HERE!

NOT THE MOST
PLEASANT
PERSONALITY TO
SPEND AN
EVENING WITH...

JILL, YOU
SURE YOU'RE
EATING RIGHT?
THERE'S
NO ONE
HERE!

"... BUT A
NECESSARY
RECRUIT IN
MY COVERT
WAR ON THE
KINGPIN.

OH, THAT
EXPLAINS THE
DRAFT.

Ahem.

I THINK
SHE WAS
TALKING
ABOUT
ME.



Uh... RIGHT.

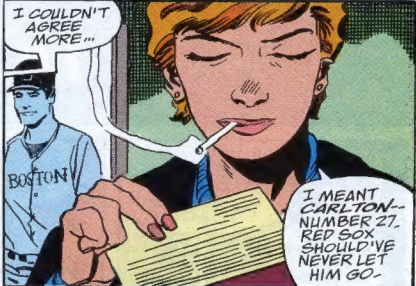
I'VE GOT SOME
MATERIAL HERE
I THOUGHT MIGHT
INTEREST A U.S.
DISTRICT
ATTORNEY...

"IT REGARDS
WILSON
FISK."

FISK,
HUH? TALK
ABOUT
CRIMINAL.



I COULDN'T
AGREE
MORE...



I MEANT
CARLTON--
NUMBER 27.
RED SOX
SHOULD'VE
NEVER LET
HIM GO.

LOOK, I'M SURE
THIS IS VERY INTER-
ESTING AND ALL...
BUT I TRY AND STEER
CLEAR OF ALL YOU
COSTUMED TYPES.

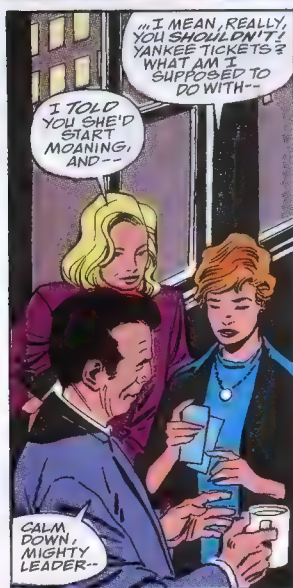
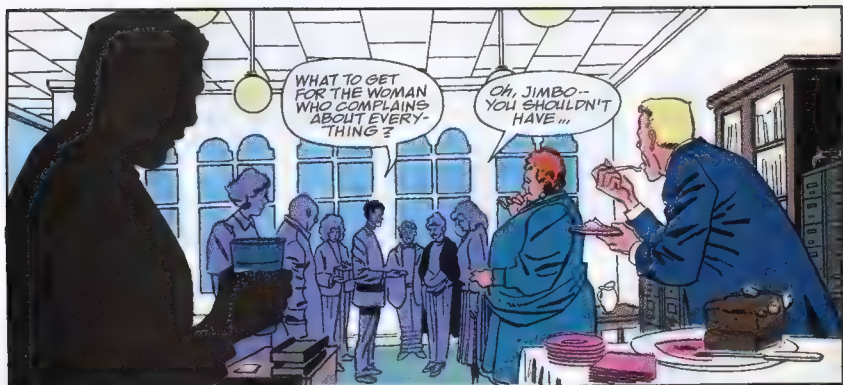
NOTHING PERSONAL,
BUT ALL THAT BLACK
AND WHITE ALTRUISM
DOESN'T WASH--MY
WORLD'S A LITTLE
MORE GREY AND
COMPLEX.



STICK AROUND FOR
SOME CAKE--THOUGH
YOU PROBABLY WANT
TO WATCH YOUR
FIGURE IN THAT
OUTFIT.

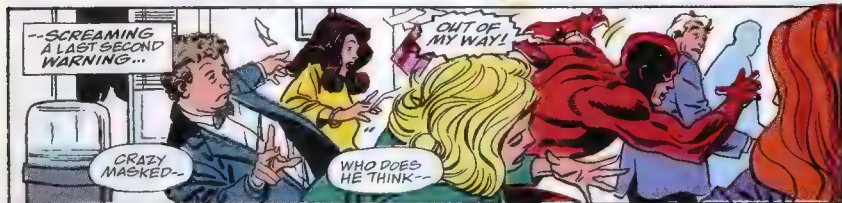
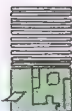
SURE...
THANKS...

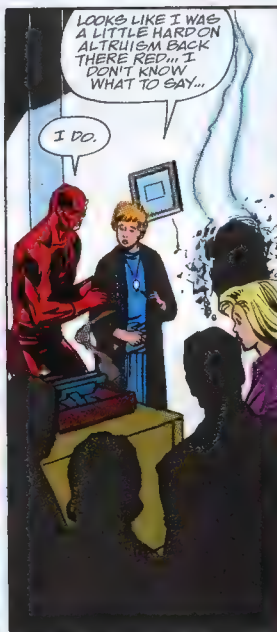
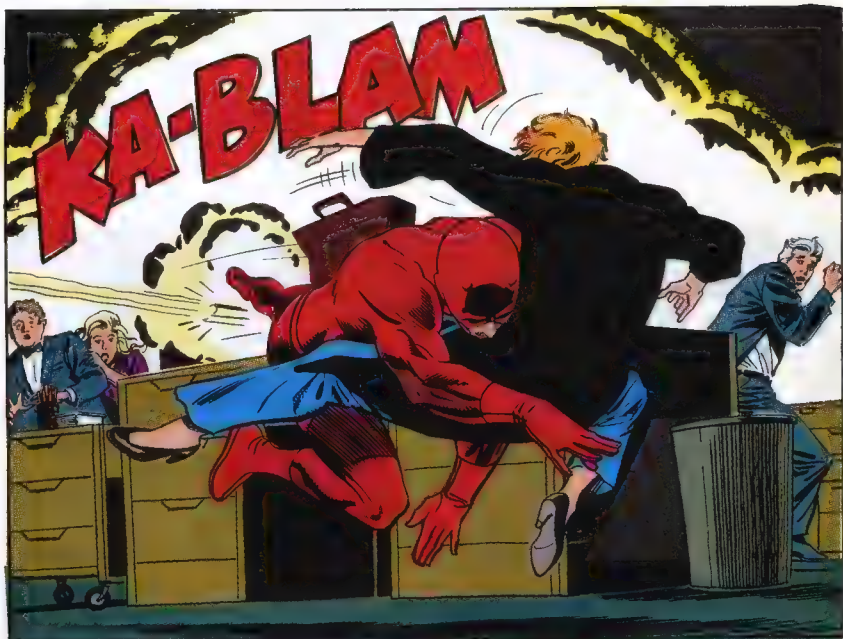


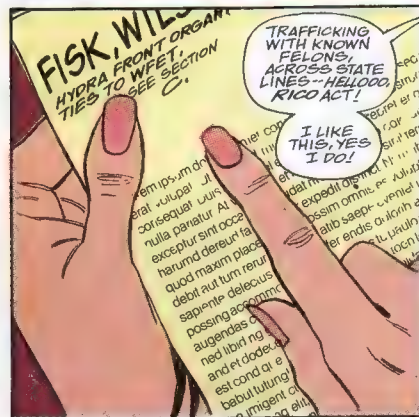
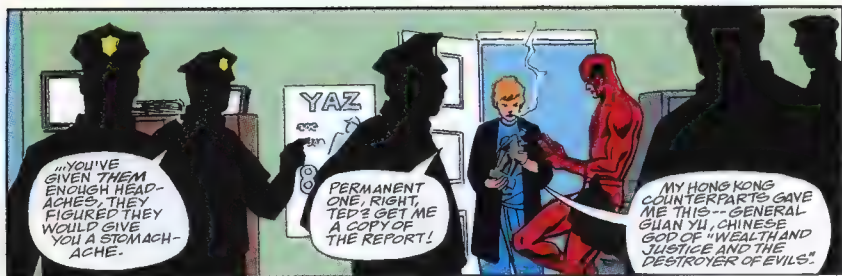




"THE MESSENGER BROUGHT THIS ONE BY-- THE NOTE LOOKS LIKE IT'S FROM YOUR PARENTS!"







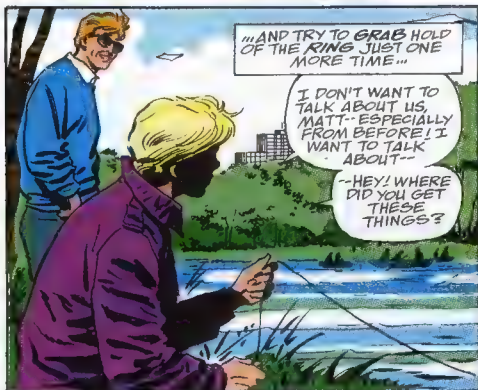
THE BOAT POND,
CENTRAL PARK...

FORGET ABOUT "WILDING"
AND COWARDLY GUNMEN
FIRING ON COUPLES OUT OF
ONE HATRED OR ANOTHER.

KAREN, REMEMBER
THE TIME WE CAME
HERE, AND THAT
KID HAD--

HERE, FOR THE
MOMENT, NEW
YORKERS CAN
PRETEND THEY
LIVE IN A PLACE
THEY CAN ENJOY
AND LET THE
CHILD WITHIN
LOOSE...

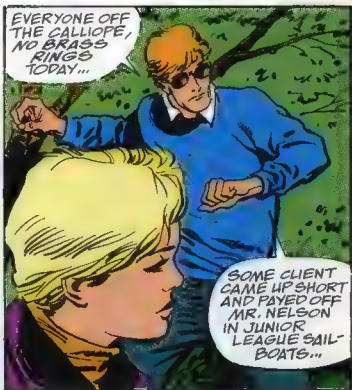
"...AND GIVE THEMSELVES
OVER TO SIMPLER AND
HAPPIER TIMES..."



"...AND TRY TO GRAB HOLD
OF THE RING JUST ONE
MORE TIME..."

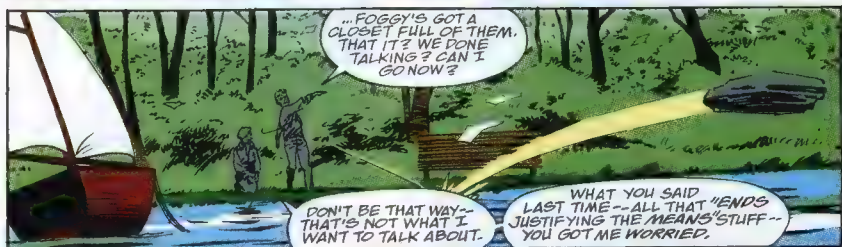
I DON'T WANT TO
TALK ABOUT US,
MATT-- ESPECIALLY
FROM BEFORE! I
WANT TO TALK
ABOUT--

--HEY! WHERE
DID YOU GET
THESE
THINGS?



EVERYONE OFF
THE CALLIOPE,
NO BRASS
RINGS
TODAY...

SOME CLIENT
CAME UP SHORT
AND PAYED OFF
MR. NELSON
IN JUNIOR
LEAGUE SAIL-
BOATS...



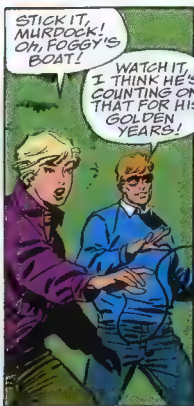
"...FOGGY'S GOT A
CLOSET FULL OF THEM.
THAT IT? WE DONE
TALKING? CAN I
GO NOW?"

DON'T BE THAT WAY--
THAT'S NOT WHAT I
WANT TO TALK ABOUT.

WHAT YOU SAID
LAST TIME-- ALL THAT "ENDS
JUSTIFYING THE MEANS" STUFF--
YOU GOT ME WORRIED.



CAREFUL, MS.
PAGE, THAT
ALMOST SOUNDS
LIKE GENUINE
CONCERN.



STICK IT,
MURDOCK!
OH, FOGGY'S
BOAT!

WATCH IT,
I THINK HE'S
COUNTING ON
THAT FOR HIS
GOLDEN
YEARS!



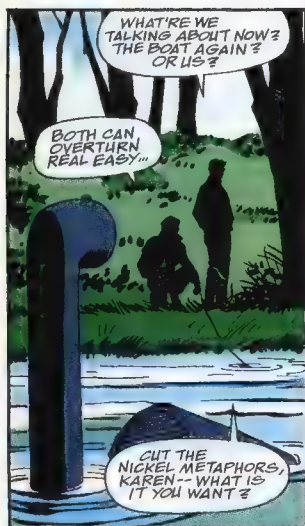
GOT IT--
ALL BETTER.

YOU ALWAYS
WERE GOOD
AT THAT, MATT.



STILL
AM.

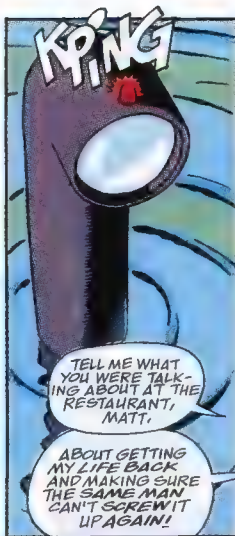
SLOWLY
NOW...
MOVE TOO
FAST AND
YOU'RE
GOING TO
GET
HURT.



WHAT'RE WE TALKING ABOUT NOW? THE BOAT AGAIN? OR US?

BOTH CAN OVERTURN REAL EASY!!

CUT THE NICKEL METAPHORS, KAREN-- WHAT IS IT YOU WANT?



TELL ME WHAT YOU WERE TALKING ABOUT AT THE RESTAURANT, MATT.

ABOUT GETTING MY LIFE BACK AND MAKING SURE THE SAME MAN CAN'T SCREW IT UP AGAIN!



THE KING-- MATT, YOU CAN'T RISK IT! NOT DIRECTLY, YOU'LL BE--

IT'S GONE ON BETWEEN ME AND HIM TOO LONG! KAREN, IT'S THIS OR SO BACK TO LOOKING OVER MY SHOULDER EVERY DAY--

THIS MORE WHAT YOU HAD IN MIND FROM "MATT MURDOCK, JUNIOR BOY SCOUT", COLONEL? HITTIN' ON HIS OLD GIRL-FRIEND?



I'D RATHER THAT THAN THIS BOTH SIDES AGAINST THE NUMBER HE'S GOT GOIN' WITH FISK AND HYDRA!

YOU KNOW WHAT I EXPECTED!

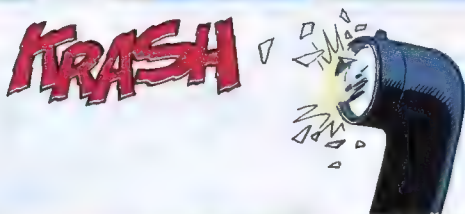
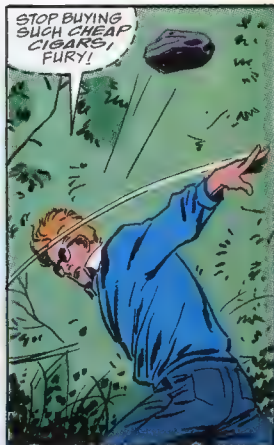
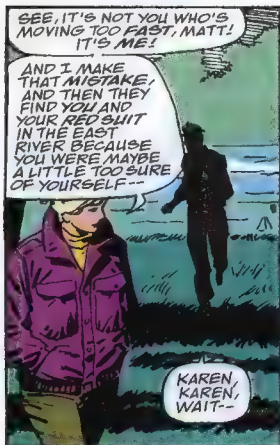
WHAT'D YA EXPECT WHEN YA GAVE HIM THAT INFO, NICKY? Y'KNOW TUBES BEEN A BURR IN TH' COUNSELOR'S BACKSIDE FER YEARS!



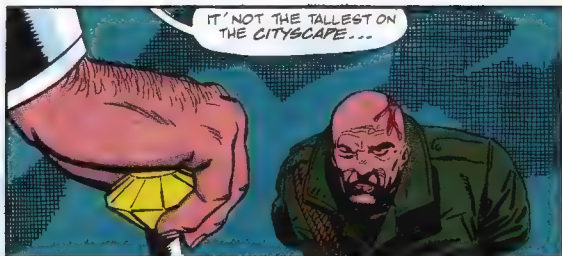
THAT'S RIGHT, YA EXPECTED HIM TO ACT "IN CHARACTER"! YA EXPECTED A GOOD LITTLE WHISTLE BLOWER YA EXPOSE HYDRA AN' SAVE S.H.I.E.L.D. THE TROUBLE.

YA 'EXPECTED' NO ONE TO BE AS CLEVER AT PULLIN' PEOPLE'S STRINGS AS NICK FURY, THAT'S WHAT YA EXPECTED, BOYO!

YEAH, SO? WHAT IS IT YER SAYIN', ALOYSIOUS?



"A SHAME YOUR BOXED
IN VIEW DEPRIVED YOU
OF SEEING MY BUILD-
ING," LIEUTENANT. "I'M
REALLY QUITE PROUD
OF IT."



MY BUSINESS IS ONE
OF NEAR UNLIMITED
RESOURCES,
GAROTTE.

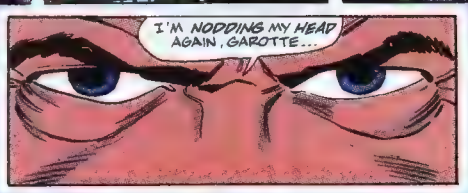
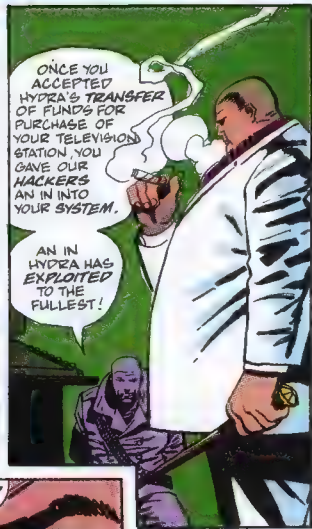
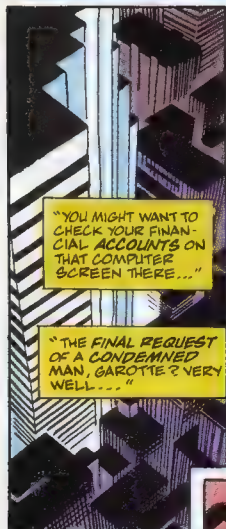
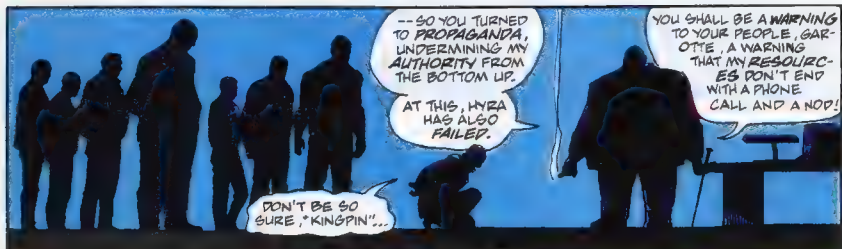


A NOD TO MY MEN TO
SEE YOUR PROUD PARA-
MILITARY STATURE
BEATEN OUT OF YOU.



DON'T WASTE WORDS
TRYING TO CONFUSE
ME!







I ASSUME THAT
DESK OF YOURS
IS ARMORED FOR
YOUR PERSONAL
PROTECTION, KINGPIN--
I SUGGEST YOU
USE IT!

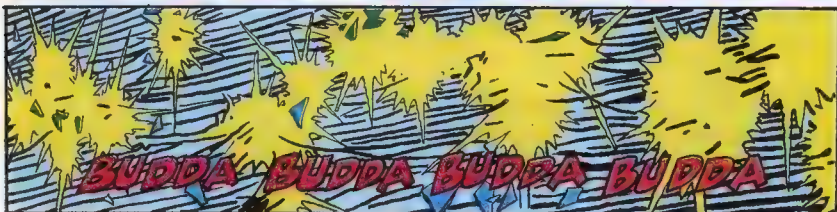


THAT
LIGHT--

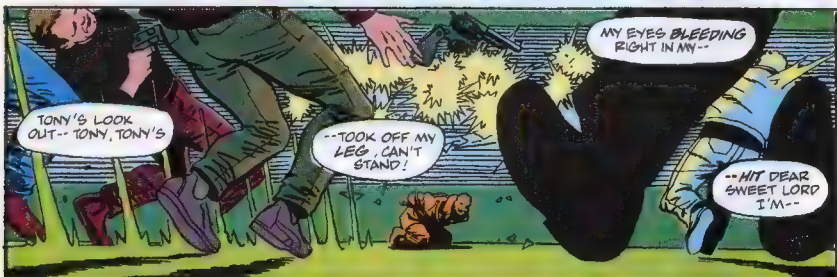
CAN'T
SEE--

SON
OF A--

GET IT
OUT GET IT
OUTTA MY--



BUDDA BUDDA BUDDA BUDDA

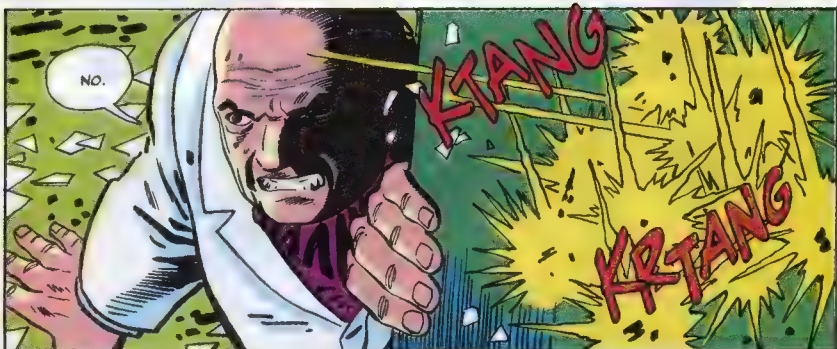


TONY'S LOOK
OUT-- TONY, TONY'S

--TOOK OFF MY
LEG, CAN'T
STAND!

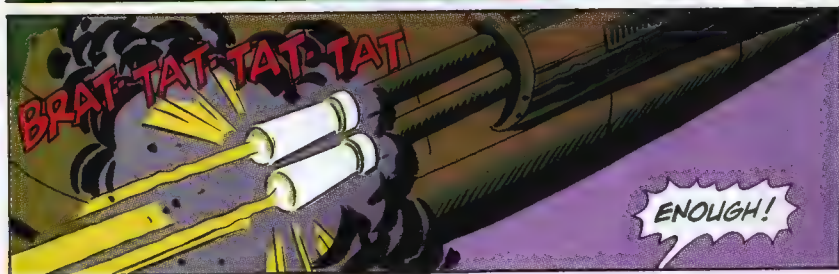
MY EYES BLEEDING
RIGHT IN MY--

--HIT DEAR
SWEET LORD
I'M--



NO.

KTANG KRTANG







HOW MUST IT APPEAR FROM
WHERE THE KINGPIN STANDS ?

THAT THE JEWELS IN THE CROWN
HAVE SUDDENLY WINKED OUT OF
EXISTENCE, SEIZED AWAY BY A
THIEF IN THE RAPIDLY DARKENING
NIGHT.

I HEAR THE SCRAPE OF FLESH
AGAINST METAL, PERHAPS THE
SHARP EDGE OF A KEEPSAKE
I PLACED IN HIS HANDS TO REMIND
HIM OF ANOTHER PRECIOUS
TREASURE LOST.


A FRAMED IMAGE OF HIS ESTRANGED
WIFE, A CRUEL HEIRLOOM MEANT TO
UNNERVE THE BIG MAN INTO EXPOSING
HIS VULNERABLE SIDE.

VANESSA... TELL ME WHAT
HAPPENED... THE WAY WE
HAD THINGS THEN? WHAT
HAPPENED?

WHAT
HAPPENED?

I HEAR THE SCRAPE OF
FLESH AGAINST METAL.

AND THERE'S THE
SCENT OF BLOOD
IN THE AIR.



FROM MY VANTAGE POINT, I'M
AFFORDED A DIFFERENT VIEW
OF WILSON FISK'S CRISIS...

... "SEEN" THROUGH HYPER-
ACUTE SENSES BRUTALLY
ASSAULTED BY THE TEMPEST
OF SENSATION RAGING ACROSS
THE CITY...

SIRENS SCREAM DEEP
INTO MY SKULL.

THERE'S THE FOUL TASTE
OF SOOT ON MY TONGUE,
THROTTLING ME.

CHILL WIND DRIVES HEAT
AND TOKINS FROM THE
FIRES DEEP INTO MY SKIN,
SEARING.

SNOT RUNS OUT MY NOSE AS
THICK AS SMOKE RUSHES IN
FROM A DOZEN BLOCKS AWAY,
BLACK ODDOR CHOKING OFF
THE MEMBRANES.

MY PERCEPTION OF THE
KINGPIN'S DECIMATED
EMPIRE IS AN INTENSELY
UNPLEASANT EXPERIENCE,
OFFENSIVE ON EVERY LEVEL.

AN ALTOGETHER...
SENSUAL...
EXPERIENCE.

I'M NOT
SMILING.

I'M NOT.

NEXT:
LONG
LIVE
THE
KING



STAN'S SOAPBOX

Hi, Heroes!

Who wants to win a frankly fictitious Frammitt complete with one megabyte of RAM and driver's side air bag? All you have to do is answer a question that's been plaguing me for years, namely: Why in the name of Wolverine's manicurist can't the world's greatest comic book company ever get a date right? And if that doesn't whet your candescent curiosity then poor ol' Stan has lost his tender touch!

Let me elucidate. A few months ago I wrote a Soapbox column touting the famous San Diego Comic Con which was held during the July 4th holiday, suggesting that you attend it if you could. So far so

good, right? Wrong! The column was supposed to appear in the Marvel mags which went on sale in June, to give those wanting to attend the Con enough time to make their travel plans. So what happened? We cleverly managed to place the Soapbox in titles that went on sale AFTER the Con was over!

Of course, no blushin' Bullpenner will ever admit that Marvel can err, so this is to announce that it really wasn't a mistake! We were simply advertising NEXT year's San Diego Con, and doing it twelve months early!

Y'know, the reason we started awarding no-prizes to readers who discovered mistakes in our mags is that we made so many of them that our only recourse was

to make a game of it! Which means it's time for a brand-new no-prize contest! I will proudly award some exclusive, frost-free no-prizes, complete with woofer and tweeter, to the Marvel maniacs who submit the best slogan describing our peculiar propensity for fantastic foul-ups! To get you started, here's an example: "Marvel, the Blundering Bastion of Bone-headed Boo-Boos!" Now, hey, don't tell me you can't come up with a better one than that! But you'll really have to search for the winning entries—we'll probably print 'em in the wrong mag!

Excelsior!

Stan Lee

It's October, so it's time once again for creepies, crawlies, and things that go bump in the night. That's right — it's that time of year once again when our editor in chief **Tom DeFalco** cleans out his refrigerator!

It's also Halloween season — a time for facades, ruses, and masks. A time for deceptions, tricks, treats. Shams, scams, and hams (sorry — it's lunch time). A time to pretend to be something you're not. As our old friend Mr. Rogers might have put it, it's time to ride that little trolley into the land of make-believe.

In the world of comics, everyone has a secret identity (in fact, the comic strip character **Cathy** is actually **Ziggy** in drag). And many comics creators share similar fantasies of wanting to dress up like their four-color fantasy figures. So for this Halloween edition of the BB, we decided to ask the Marvel Comics creative people this question: If you could be anyone or anything for Halloween this year, what would you be? . . .

Peter David, of **INCREDIBLE HULK** fame, said "I'd like to be the person who gets to ask these stupid questions, instead of answer them." Peter asked us to mention that on Halloween, he gives out comics instead of candy. As he puts it, "I firmly believe in rotting a kid's brain instead of his teeth!"

SHIELD inker **Don Hudson** said, "I would be the Riddler, and I would have two guys accompanying me, with names written on their shirts like **Chuckles** and **Chortles**."

AMAZING SPIDER-MAN's **David Michelinie** chose a more horrific disguise. "I would be **Fabian Nieceza**. He writes five books a month, and that's scary!"

Roy Thomas, who's currently writing more **CONAN** than human beings should be allowed to read, said, "I'd like to be the owner of the **Chicago Cubs** so I could trade for a few good pitchers."

Michael Higgins, who's lettered so many **AKIRA** pages he's started wearing a kimono, said, "I'd be a member of the **Grateful Dead**."

Spider-Man villains are a popular choice this year. **WEB OF SPIDER-MAN** penciler **Alex Saviuk** said, "I'd like to be the **Hobgoblin**, who I happen to be drawing at the moment. I think it would be a neat visual. But considering my build, I think I would do better as the **Kingpin**! But I would have to shave my head!"

Writer without fear **Dan Chichester** would also like to be the **Kingpin** — "while there's still time!" Dan noted that the **Kingpin** is about to take a great fall over in the pages of his **DAREDEVIL** series.

Mike Mignola, of **FAHRD** AND **THE GRAY MOUSER** fame, said "I would like to be a



winged monkey from the **Wizard of Oz**! Mike was working on his costume even as we spoke, so don't be surprised to see him flying by your window this October 31!

ALPHA FLIGHT's artist in residence **Tom Morgan** told us "I'd like to be a Florida boat bum named **Travis McGee**."

Mark Bagley, currently knocking them dead on both **AMAZING SPIDER-MAN** and **NEW WARRIORS** artwork, said "I want to be **Doc Ock**, because I need the four extra arms to keep up with my deadlines!"

Editor **Mike Rockwitz** said he would be **Petrus Steele** of thrash metal group **Type O Negative** fame.

MARVEL AGE's own **Mike Lackey** echoed **Mike Rockwitz's** sentiments, saying he would be the grind-core thrash group, **Gwar**. Not just one member of the group, but the entire group! No small thinker, that **Mike Lackey**!

Editor **Craig Anderson**, currently preparing to launch an all-new **ADAM WARLOCK** series with writer **Jim Starlin**, said he would be "Kim Basinger's **herd** seat."

Glenn Hurdling, who is **No Longer Submissions Editor** (but is editing the new **NOMAD** series), said he would like to be "a whispering wind, so I can travel over land and sea, unobstructed, to many a foreign country. Either that, or **Fred Flintstone**."

Glenn's assistant, **Pat Garrahy** — who may or may not be the **New Submissions Editor** (he asked us not to say, he's waiting for an appeal) said, "I want to be a movie star like **Bugs Bunny** or **Kermit the Frog**."

The **PUNISHER's** pal, **Mike Baron**, said he would like to be ballet star **Mikhail Baryshnikov**, because "he's got just the right amount of fame. He's unlikely to be mobbed when he goes out in public, but he's well-known in cultural circles."

Todd McFarlane, who formerly held the record for writing, drawing, and inking the best-selling comic of all time, said "I would like to be the president/owner of my own hockey trading card company, so I can tell people what to do instead of having to listen to my editor!"

Ron Lim, perhaps best known for running the **INFINITY GAUNTLET** earlier this year, said "I would be **Kwai Chang Caine**, from the **Kung Fu** TV series, with a group of traveling monks!"

Finally, we have **ALPHA FLIGHT** scribe **Scott Lobdell**, who said that if he could be anyone or anything for Halloween, he would be "the **God of Comics** for one day." Now who among us hasn't wished for that one at least once in his life?

Onward . . . !

OCTOBER
COOLOMETER

- PEEWEE HERMAN
- MARVEL STOCK
- VIRTUAL REALITY
- SEVENTIES ROCK MUSIC
- DIRT ROADS
- SERIAL KILLERS
- ARENA FOOTBALL
- MULTI-FORMAT FIRST ISSUES
- BEVERLY HILLS 90210
- APATOSAURUS SKULLS
- HIPSTERISM
- OLD WESTERN
- DENTAL HYGIENE
- INFORMATIONALS
- CATWOMAN
- SY SPERLING
- DRUIDS
- SELF-ORGANIZED CRITICALITY
- NETWORK TV

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